UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson | Louis L. Mann | Curtis W. Reese

Leaving Out Hamlet

By SYDNEY STRONG

The Plight of the Minorities

By P. M. MATTHEEFF

Hardy the Unhappy

By WALTER WALSH

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part IV, Chapters XXXI and XXXII

By M. K. GANDHI

VOLUME CI NUMBER 8

Chicago, April 23, 1928

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

Subscription, $3.00 per Annum

(Established 1878)

A JOURNAL *of the* RELIGION *of* DEMOCRACY

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, EDITOR IN CHIEF

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

FRANCIS NEILSON LOUIS L. MANN CURTIS W. REESE

UNITY Fellowship

ZONA GALE
A. EUSTACE HAYDON
JESSE H. HOLMES
JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE
H. R. MUSSEY
M. C. OTTO
EDMUND H. REEMAN
ALSON H. ROBINSON
CLARENCE R. SKINNER
SYDNEY STRONG
ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Managing Editor

EDITH LLOYD JONES

Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE Pamphlet Mission FOR FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:

George Chatfield, Chicago. Wm. C. Gannett, St. Paul.
Horace L. Jones, Jacksonville. C. W. Wendte, Cincinnati.
J. C. Learned, St. Louis.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.

Per Year, $2.00. Single Number, 10 Cents.

Francis L. Rossiter, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
J. T. Sunderland, 65 Washington St., Chicago, } Editors of
Geo. W. Cooke, Grand Haven, Mich., - } "Notes and News."

Editorial Contributors

W. Waldemar W. Argow
Charles E. Beals
Percy M. Dawson
David Starr Jordan
Anna Garlin Spencer
Frederick Starr
Jabez T. Sunderland
James H. West

Foreign Representatives

AUSTRALIA—Charles Strong
AUSTRIA—Stefan Zweig
BULGARIA—P. M. Matthéeff
CANADA—Norman T. Dowd
ENGLAND—Fred Hankinson
Walter Walsh
FRANCE—G. Demartial
Romain Rolland
GERMANY—Theodor Hahn
INDIA—Rabindranath Tagore
ITALY—Guglielmo Lusidi
JAPAN—Nobuichiro Imaoka
RUSSIA—Alina Huebsch

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

UNITY

A Journal of the Religion of Democracy

Editors:

John Haynes Holmes — Francis Neilson
Curtis W. Reese — Louis L. Mann

UNITY is a weekly paper, sixteen pages, containing timely editorial comment, special articles, foreign correspondence by its own representatives in Europe and Asia, book reviews, and regular reports of news from the field of liberal thought and action.

UNITY was the first American paper to discover Gandhi, of India. When the great Mahatma was unknown even to newspapers, UNITY hailed him as "the greatest man in the world." Its files contain the most complete record of Gandhi and his work that exists in this country. His autobiography, "The Story of My Experiments with Truth" is now appearing in weekly installments.

UNITY was the first American paper to espouse and advocate the Outlawry of War, that remarkable peace program that is challenging the attention of the world.

UNITY has for more than forty years championed the idea of universal religion which finds in freedom the secret of unity and brotherhood, and it is today the outstanding organ of world religion.

Sample copies on request.

$3.00 per year.

700 Oakwood Boulevard CHICAGO

Contents

EDITORIAL— Page

Notes 151

Leaving Out Hamlet—SYDNEY STRONG.....153

Jottings—J. H. H.....155

Editorial Correspondence: The Plight of the Minorities—P. M. MATTHEEFF.....155

ARTICLES—

Patriotism and Imperialism—*Louis F. Post*...151

Hardy the Unhappy—WALTER WALSH.....157

The Story of My Experiments with Truth—Part IV. Chapters XXXI and XXXII—M. K. GANDHI.....160

POETRY—

God of the Now—BENJAMIN MUSSER.....156

My Father—LIDA W. MACGOWAN.....161

"Accepting the Universe"—JAMES H. WEST...163

THE STUDY TABLE—

Dr. Wendte's Remarkable Autobiography—(*The End*)—J. T. SUNDERLAND.....162

THE FIELD—

The John Brown Memorial Assn.—Annual Pilgrimage 163

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CI MONDAY, APRIL 23, 1928 NUMBER 8

PATRIOTISM AND IMPERIALISM

To say that patriotism is love of country begs the question, for love of country must itself be explained. It cannot mean love of country's soil, of its trees and hills, and rocks and rills. If that were its meaning, a large proportion of its inhabitants of every nation would be without love of country for most of them have none to love. Not a rood of old Mother Earth belongs to them, nor can they use any of it without paying toll to some more fortunate patriot. Love of country, to be truly such, must be none less than love of one's neighbors within a nation's boundaries. * * *

If it be love of them in very truth, it must consist in devotion to those ideals and institutions of the country which guarantee equal rights to all its inhabitants.

Then there is a larger patriotism, a patriotism which embraces the world, and is the political expression of the Golden Rule. In the purview of this larger patriotism, it is treason to make war save for the preservation of natural rights. * * *

For he who truly loves his neighbors within his own country and loves them to the extent of cherishing their rights equally with his own cannot draw the line at his own country. He must abhor any invasion by his countrymen of the country of others, which he would repel if his own were the country invaded. * * *

Imperialism would subjugate "inferior" peoples on pretense of elevating them; the larger patriotism would encourage all people to elevate themselves.

Imperialism is the national pharisee, who thanks God that he is better than other men. The larger patriotism is the national apostle, spreading by practice as well as precept the civilizing principle of Him who rebuked the Pharisee, and taught men that principle of love which is justice, and that rule of righteousness which directs each to do to others as he would have others do to him.

Louis F. Post.

It is not too late, we trust, for UNITY to point the moral and adorn the tale of the sensational primary election in Chicago two weeks ago. The completeness of the overthrow of Thompson, Crowe, Smith and all their loathsome crew by the city which they had made a by-word and a hissing throughout the land renews that confidence in democracy which these clowns and crooks have done so much to weaken. "Big Bill," with his silly paraphernalia of political mountebankery is down and out. Crowe, with his gangs of gunmen and gorillas, is driven into the darkness of the dens of debauchery which are his natural habitat. Smith, with his ill-gotten gold, is denied the privilege of knocking on the doors of a Senate which would have none of him. All these and others of the same ilk have been repudiated by the outraged and aroused electors of Chicago. Which shows that, deep-down in the American heart, is an innate sense of decency and honor. There are limits of disgust beyond which even the indifferent citizens of a great metropolis cannot be safely driven. How much this victory actually means for the redemption of Chicago, we do not know. Deneen looks good to us largely because he was opposing Thompson, and Swanson seems a paladin, we suspect, primarily because he was pitted against Crowe. But the successful candidates cannot be worse than the defeated, and the mere fact that these latter have been spewed into the gutter means in itself the revulsion that is the first step back to health. Chief among the forces responsible for this heartening event stand the churches. Let those of us who criticize the churches for ineptitude and cowardice be the first to recognize their proud place of leadership in this great battle. On Easter Sunday the clergy with one accord put by their sermons on immortality, and "talked politics." This was a magnificent vindication of religion—and it was the voters who went straight from the pews to the ballot-boxes who saved the city!

The New York *Times* rendered an eminent service to the community by the publication on Easter Sunday of a symposium on the "Hope of Immortality." Outstanding leaders of present-day thought were enlisted to express their views on this historic doctrine. The majority of the articles definitely committed the writers to a belief in personal survival after death. In the minority were Dr. DuBois, who declined to believe or disbelieve; Professor John Dewey, who feels that the decision is one for scientific research and who is not, up to date, impressed with the showings of psychic researchers; Mr. Clarence Darrow, who feels that the doctrine is a survival of the age of superstition; and Upton Sinclair, who finds himself too busy about his present job to form an opinion about a matter on which no conclusive evidence has yet been presented to him. The compiler of the symposium rightly put the article by Millikan, the eminent physicist, first in his collection. Millikan's stand is positive for the hope, though he does not employ his methods in physics to arrive at the conviction. Dr. Ryan, the eminent Catholic prelate, Dr. Straton, of Fundamentalist fame, and Bishop Manning, who would like to be considered

modern under Fundamentalist sanctions, are all thoroughly authoritarian in their stand. Dr. Charles M. Sheldon runs true to the form he has established in his writings, a realist who employs the verbiage of mysticism to produce astonishingly fantastic effects. From the Jewish community Rabbi Shulmann, for the more conservative group, and Rabbi Stephen Wise, for the liberal, speak to substantially the same effect: they both accept the doctrine for themselves and commit historic Judaism to it. Dr. Cadman modifies traditional Christian authoritarianism somewhat, at least in verbiage, and others vary in their affirmations all the way from the (to them) conclusive *ipse dixit* of Scripture to near agnosticism. We repeat, the *Times* rendered a notable service to the thinking community by the publication.

"Mayor Walker Goes South Again. Will Return in Time for Opening of Baseball Season." This is the kind of mayor that New York has, and seems to like. He pays about as much attention to municipal business as a ticker-tape boy on the day that Lindbergh comes to town. In the great metropolis are problems of the greatest complexity and importance. The subway situation, for example, challenges the full time of an elected official as well as the brain-power of a superman. Nothing was ever more difficult or dangerous, with the well-being of every last citizen in the town directly involved in the railroad company's strike for a 7-cent fare. Yet "Jimmie" Walker is busy with nothing more serious than his tailor and his barber, and has all the time in the world for dinners, dances, and junkets to points south and west. Again, there is a first-class scandal at the heart of the municipal administration in the uncovering of the sewer thefts in the Borough of Queens. In its way, this scandal is as foul a thing in the city as the Teapot Dome scandal is in the nation at large. But is Mayor Walker showing any capacity for indignation? Not an atom save as against a poor civic employee who asks for a raise of salary, or a humble citizen who pleads for relief from some injustice. As regards Connolly and his thieving gang, "Jimmie" is as complacent and inactive as the late lamented Harding in the palmy days of Daugherty and Fall. Indeed, there are many identities between the dead President and the living mayor. Agreeable, charming, "chummy"—easy-going, good-looking, the two are characterized by utter indifference to public responsibility and utter unconcern for public welfare. And as Washington became a sink of iniquity, so New York is becoming a sewer of corruption. In the reign of this silly jack-a-napes in City Hall, there is probably more varied, if less conspicuous and vulgar, graft going on than ever Croker knew or Tweed imagined. How long, O Lord, how long?

The internationally famous war film, "Dawn," has arrived in this country. As it is certain to be furiously discussed, it may be well to know what has happened in other places before the storm breaks here. The subject of the film, as is now generally known, is the execution of Edith Cavell. The depiction of this tragedy in the movies aroused furious indignation when it was shown in England. Following official protest by the German Ambassador, a large body of public opinion, some of it of a surprising character, declared that it would "revive painful memories and embitter relations between countries." Sir Austen Chamberlain refused to see the picture on the ground that it was said to "contain incidents for which there is no authority, and which can only provoke controversy over the grave of a woman who has become one of the world's greatest heroines." This declaration stirred Madame Ada Bodart, who was condemned with Nurse Cavell but escaped the firing squad, to return the decoration of the Order of the British Empire which had been conferred upon her. Among many others, T. P. O'Connor agreed with the official Film Censors, who banned the picture, that "the theme of this film renders its exhibition inexpedient in the present circumstances." Bernard Shaw, on the other hand, passed the picture as "not (betraying) Cavell by a single stroke of bitterness or rancor, much less by any triviality of fiction. . . . It rebukes us all impartially, and will edify us impartially." What to think we cannot say, and probably should not try to say until we have viewed the film. We may perhaps be pardoned for stating, however, that we do not see how the story of Edith Cavell can be told today without stirring bitterness, and alienating countries striving to be friends. Time heals wounds and ends misunderstandings, as in the case of Joan of Arc. But not enough time has yet passed to work this miracle with Cavell. Why not forget and forgive until at least the generation that knew the war is dead?

"Looks as though somebody were robbing the cemeteries down in Virginia!" This is the sententious remark of a plain citizen who learned of the recent incident in that state's House of Delegates, when the Speaker busied himself in confiscating copies of a printed circular spread on the delegates' desks. To his consternation the Speaker had found that certain distinguished citizens of the commonwealth, outraged by the legislature's recent action in paying tribute to the memory of Lincoln, were formally requesting the legislature to reverse itself and withhold recognition of "Abraham Lincoln, the Barbarian." Some of the fathers and earlier contemporaries of these petitioners did better, much better. They called Lincoln a baboon and a gorilla. "Barbarism" is tame, very tame. Lincoln himself would have smiled at it. But our sententious, plain citizen has rather effectually covered the incident for today. It is pathetic that such belated individuals as these bigoted Virginians survive among us. One of

the signers is a son of former President Tyler. The son himself is likewise "former": he belongs to a generation now some time dead. Most readers of the story will be amazed to learn that this son still survives in the flesh. Another signer is a former officer of the Confederate Army. He also is severely belated. The group revive the old charges that the Civil War was Lincoln's personal affair, that he was cruel, that he gloated over helpless men and women and children dying under his ruthless hand. Of course they are terribly outraged that he whom they and their fathers so fiercely despised has become the outstanding American of all the generations, the embodiment of the gracious virtues which the most aspiring like to consider Americanism at its holiest and best. They are the residuum of the unreconstructed. It must be painful to live their kind of life, to survive into an age which knows them not, and which can only smile at their rage. It must be embarrassing to find themselves out of the graves which all the proprieties require that they should snugly occupy!

To excel in any art is to have elements of greatness. After-dinner speaking may not be the greatest of the arts, but it is an *art*, and the late Chauncey M. Depew was its greatest exponent. Simeon Ford was undoubtedly funnier—the funniest man who ever talked behind a banqueting-table. Job Hedges had an audacity and pose which were supreme. But for sheer artistry, Depew was first and the others nowhere. It was when he entered other and more serious fields of human endeavor that Depew's stature swiftly diminished. As a railroad man, of course, he was able, but none the less primarily a show-window for the New York Central. He won and held popular favor at a time when such favor was a scarce article in railroad circles, but other and bigger men did the real work of construction and administration. In politics, he was still less of a figure. His proudest moment came when he received ninety votes in a Republican convention for the presidency. His most important term of public service was as senator of the great state of New York. But his association with "Boss" Platt, as a mere "me-too" man, was the measure of his capacity. Depew was decorative in politics as in business, but few took him seriously. In later years, he was conspicuous for his prolonged and vigorous old age. There was something truly marvelous in his vitality—and in the grace and charm which accompanied it. These qualities were the real revelation of the man. Depew was a delightful personality—kindly, gracious, chivalrous, witty, wise. He was troubled by no lofty ideals, was consumed by no passions of reform. He was the last man in the world to lead a crusade or fight a battle for the right. But his character was clean, his comradeship a thing of beauty, and his long life a discipline of art. Chauncey M. Depew will linger as a name of fragrant memory.

Leaving Out Hamlet

There will never be international peace until the United States recognizes Russia. Whether it is *de jure* or *de facto*—how childish reputedly wise men are—there must be hearty cooperation between these two nations before there can be the beginning of an approach to peace on earth.

It is leaving Hamlet out.

We saw this in 1922 and so wrote the President. It is just as true now. It is not because we especially love Russia. For we love England more, and America still more—since in the last land our fathers have lived "God-fearing lives" now for 300 years—if life is to be weighed in terms national. But, it is mankind and the peace of the world that every right-minded man should consider.

To leave out Russia is to leave out Hamlet. Yet, this is what practically everyone in America is doing. The treatment of Russia today is a test of the sincerity and wisdom of our peace efforts,—just as Mordecai Johnson, of Howard University, correctly says that the treatment of the Negro is the test of American Christianity. Pilgrimages to Jerusalem are not a test of Christianity, nor prayer-meetings in Gethsemane, nor taking the reverse step over the via dolorosa—it is treatment of the Negro, right at our threshold.

The same is true about our peace efforts. To leave out Russia is to leave out Hamlet. One of the most menacing signs for the peace of the world is the attitude of America toward Russia—showing itself in most silly and provoking ways. American editors and politicians—people who claim to stand for good journalism and high political ethics—omit no chance to insult Russia. And, yet, Russians are as fine and sensitive as Americans. Of course, a case can be made against Russia. So, against America—and quite as damaging. You recall Cushendun's brutal and cowardly attack upon Litvinov. (It was unsportsmanlike, un-"English.") Our Gibson sat cynical and silent. Had it occurred to you that that brutal cowardly attack—with slight variations—would have fitted America just as well—for "defeating the League for seven years?"

If any nation in her foreign policy is keeping the war-pot boiling it is Britain. Naturally, she is doing much—politically and commercially—to keep America and Russia apart. And, America is stupid enough to do what Gibson did at Geneva—sit still, say nothing and

not even look wise. Whereas, Russia is the Hamlet of the Peace Drama.

Here is a question. When a Pacific Conference for Friendly Relations is held at Honolulu—twice—why is Russia, of all the nations on the Pacific, uninvited? Any interests on the Pacific? Certainly. But, America hasn't recognized her!

How far would Morrow and Lindbergh have gone in their mission of good-will with Mexico, without first recognition? Recognition, gentlemen of business, pays even in oil and lands!

Why is it when Russia has in the presence of the nations of the world made an offer to disarm—going into the minutest details—proposes the greatest single step ever taken toward peace on earth—our government smiles in silence? Or, proceeds to talk about outlawry of war?

This queer attitude even extends to the real lovers of peace, the leaders of peace movements, in America. Why are they so silent over the Russian proposals? The answer—a very poor one—is that America has not recognized Russia, and the peace leaders, organizers, editors and preachers—with a few exceptions—are scared stiff at the idea of touching anything that bears the name of Russia. To our everlasting shame, the name "Russia" has exactly the same effect on peace folks that the name "German" had ten years ago. We are still at war.

The peace folks of America are doing faithful work attacking compulsory military drill in school, in protesting over the use of "Training Camp" stamps, in resisting the building of a big navy, in discussing entrance in the League, in urging the outlawry of war. The last idea, the outlawry of war, is nearly divinely inspired, but, in honesty, we shall be surprised if Messrs. Kellogg and Briand—now that the Geneva Disarmament Conference has gone home (a mean suspicion, I know, but is it ungrounded?)—get any further in their discussion of the glorious idea of the outlawry of war than Wilson and Clemenceau got with their idea of making the "world safe for democracy." And, now note, when Mr. Kellogg starts to name several large nations to be brought into a circle for his multilateral treaties, they are all invited, except Russia. It is to laugh! What does he propose to organize? Surely, not a combination against Russia!

One looks almost in vain to all varieties of peace folks in America for any enthusiasm over the Russian proposals. Why is it? We feel sure it is not because they fail to see their significance—for they are more significant even than the Kellogg-Briand approaches, thus far—but it is because America does not recognize Russia, and this scares all Americans stiff.

Let us turn the matter around. Suppose Britain had made the identical proposals that Russia made at Geneva—and God knows that Britain and America ought to make such proposals, if they want to escape His wrath—all the peace leaders, of every shade, from Boston to Pasadena, the press, the churches, Bishop Manning, Cardinal Hayes, the K. K. K. and the D. A. R. would still be singing, Gloria in Excelsis. There would be called a great World Festival of Joy, in which the islands of the sea would participate, to witness the overthrow of Mars, the turning of swords into pruning-hooks, of gun-boats into a merchant marine! Why don't they act that way, when Russia makes the proposal? Because we have been poisoned by devilish propaganda, and are afraid of our shadows. If America heartily recognized Russia—all this evil spirit would evaporate. We read that Pharaoh had a hardened heart and Saul was plagued with an evil spirit. One can easily believe it.

Behold the monstrous situation! Men talk peace, when there is no peace. They talk of outlawry of war, and then sneer, or keep silence, when a great nation, before the world, solemnly proposes disarmament. What is it? I call it timid menacing hypocrisy. President Wilson once said—he had moments of surprising leaps of intuition—that Russia was the key to the world peace problem. He was right in his remark. But, peace was butchered at Versailles.

There is no hope for international peace until America welcomes Russia among the sisterhood of nations. This means that all lovers of peace in America should courageously work for this recognition. Russia has shown at least one clear shining concrete road to peace. If Gibson, America's agent, could only have stood up and showed his hand to Litvinof—well, humanity once more had a splendid chance!

Having written thus far, doubts arose whether to publish, or not—several other themes clamoring for utterance. Thereupon, we accepted an invitation to attend the annual meeting of the American Society for Cultural Relations with Russia, held at 99 Park Avenue, New York. We sat down among a select company of the very best Americans—educators (whose names and books are all over the world—heaven wouldn't be heaven without them, and "Who's Who"—the upper heaven—would lose several pages without them) musicians, authors, etc. They filled the evening on the subject of introducing Russian culture into America, such as films, new books, music, etc. One could get quite enthusiastic over hearing of the tremendous progress Russia in ten years has made in art, music, education, as retailed to us by a distinguished American educator. And, yet, America doesn't recognize Russia!

As we listened, we were reminded of a story of Henry Ward Beecher. When one of America's great women—was it Elizabeth Cady Stanton, or Lucy Stone?—had finished a magnificent address in Plymouth Church, and taken her seat, he arose and dramatically pointing to her, said, "And She Can't Vote!"

After the meeting at 99 Park Avenue, the company

drew nearer the piano, and three Russian musicians treated us! Among them was Naoum Blinder, violinist, who has recently stirred Japan by his playing, and who is sure to deeply move America. In the songs of the two vocal soloists, one man the other woman, and the violin, we found ourselves, now in ecstacy, then in contrition over the attitude of America toward Russia. What riches of music, art and education await us, if we will only open the doors of our minds and hearts. The Russians in time will get in. Their culture and power are too compelling. But we are deeply concerned, as Paul said, over our own countrymen—the loss to us as revealed in the present sad human relations between the two great peoples!

The editorial stands. We close as we opened. There will never be international peace until America recognizes Russia. Here is a chance for America to show manliness and common sense. To leave out Russia is to leave out Hamlet.

SYDNEY STRONG.

Jottings

Charles E. Hughes, like Shakespeare's Brutus, is "an honorable man." Yet, not satisfied with being Secretary of State in the Harding cabinet, he is now General Counsel of the American Petroleum Institute, on the board of which sit Harry F. Sinclair, Robert Stewart, and Edward L. Doheny. Mr. Hughes seems to enjoy associating with these men, just as he did with Fall, Daugherty and Denby in the old days.

It would be interesting to know what Republican candidate for the presidency is going to survive the Teapot Dome scandals. With the Republican nominee smeared with oil and the Democratic nominee dripping with booze, the next election promises to be odorous at least.

Count Keyserling, after a lecture journey which took him to all parts of this country, announced some days ago that "Prohibition will remain." His opinion, which is that of a man who has no sympathy with the law, confirms the conviction of every informed and impartial observer.

We recently received a letter from a firm of investors, offering a lesson in "the knack of corralling dollars." Think of being interested in such a "knack!" Yet there are millions of men and women who would give all but their lives to master it.

"Duce Shows Clemency" reads a newspaper headline, followed by a story of pardon for some hundreds of anti-Fascists. Thus are the earlier reports of Mussolini's ill-health confirmed!

Students of the prohibition question are urged to read the special articles in the *Current History* magazine for April on "Prohibition After Eight Years." We commend especially the article on "Enforcement an Increasing Success" by Mr. Albert Levitt.

J. H. H.

The Plight of the Minorities

[From our Bulgarian Correspondent.]

"For they speak not peace: but they desire deceitful matters."

In the minds of all sensible men there is a desire to do good, a desire for peace. The good and the peace desired by men should predominate in the dealings of man with man.

This is a plain statement, beyond controversy. Yet we are witnesses of results arrived at by the actions of *sensible* men, which disharmonize completely with this proposition. There is something wrong, there must be something wrong, at the root of such actions.

We speak of men without conscience. It is not true! Every man has a conscience; every man differentiates between good and evil. Not everyone with an education is *educated*. Else why do we see good men supporting, in opposition to other good men, a world situation full of unrest, and rife with present sufferings and dangers of future wars?

The present civilized world is divided into two armed camps. Both are desirous of reaching a peaceful condition of affairs. Good will, common sense, should bring this about, and the responsible factors are unweariedly voicing their efforts to do so. We are as far from peace today, however, as we were nine years ago when the war was ended. The passion which dictated the end of the war still rules even to the point of disregarding formal engagements in favor of the crushed enemy.

There was the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, for example, a conglomerate of states in which many nationalities were supposed to be suffering under an unjust alien rule. In the minds of many good men a desire existed that an end be put to such a condition of things, that a chance be given to such nationalities to enjoy a national life of their own choice. The War, followed by the Peace Treaties, should have brought about this change. It has not. On the contrary, it has made matters worse. The Austro-Hungarian Empire was cut up and various nationalities in it transferred or annexed to other countries, in which it was

believed that they could develop their national life without hindrance. In doing this, the Peace Treaties did more wrong to millions of Austrian-Germans and Hungarians by annexing them to newly created countries, formerly subjected to them, than the wrong these parts of Austro-Hungary were held to have suffered under its rule.

An impartial inquiry will establish that, in every case where a people has been annexed by the Peace Treaties to an alien state, even to one which had just been itself created and previously subjected, it is far less happy than formerly. The oppressed have turned out to be a greater oppressor *because the Peace Treaties command it of them.* These Treaties are a sin of passion, yet they are proclaimed inviolable. The war booty has to be held tightly secured, and all round. Not one member in the conqueror's camp dares to relax its hold on their impious acquisitions. All are holding to them as a miser to his money. Are not these conquerors busy in negotiating and concluding treaties among themselves for this very purpose? Powerful as they are, they have not reduced their armaments. On the contrary, they are strengthening them, even *against each other.* England has guaranteed to France the eastern German frontier, but refuses to do the same as regards the western. France refuses to agree to what England demands, a reduction of her air and submarine forces, and a competition in armaments between the two countries is incessant. France, with her treaties of *friendship* with her satellites in the East—Poland, Czechoslovakia, Roumania and Jugoslavia—is much concerned over the quiet but determined Italian penetration into the Balkan sphere. Jugoslavia is protesting to whosoever will hear, that she is for the Balkan countries, the Balkan peoples, but meanwhile she is subjecting the minorities, which the chance of war has placed under her rule, to inquisitorial torture. The same may be said of all the states which, by the chance of war, are privileged to rule over such minorities. The exactions of the conquerors against the conquered, as regards the conditions imposed upon them by the Peace Treaties, are of the severest and are applied to the letter. These same conquerors, however, are criminally indifferent to the rights of minorities guaranteed by the same treaties. It is very pleasant to talk of settling disputes by arbitration, but those who talk of it most are the most backward in accepting it because they are bound to be the losers in many of the outstanding disputes. Germany, a great nation, protests against the exceptionally immoral clause in the Peace Treaty obliging her to accept, without a hearing, the whole responsibility for the Great War, and asks for arbitration on the subject. But the Peace Treaties forbid the question!

Nobody heeds when the League of Nations, instituted to guarantee fair application of provisions in the Peace Treaties, avoids the just protests and claims of the minorities, because an answer to them will affect the selfish interests of the strong as against the helpless under the rule of might is right. The same treaties which have disarmed the conquered provide for the disarmament of the conquerors. But the latter not only do not disarm, but are strengthening their armed forces. Surely not against the disarmed!

Why, even the United States, wealthy and powerful beyond dreams, no danger threatening them, are bitten by the vain ambition to play with arms. The ridiculous too often goes hand in hand with the reasonable. To understand the one we must have an understanding of the other. Just consider the fact—France is actually taking extraordinary measures against the autonomous movement in those provinces, Alsace and Lorraine, which were held up as the sword of vengeance of France herself! And we were to have the end of all wars; every nation to have its place under the sun; treaties to be sacred, no longer scraps of paper! Man is as false to his pretensions as ever. Have we not today the same balance of power, the same secret negotiations, the same fervent preparations for war, the same fears, hatreds and conflicting ambitions, and far greater demands for adjustment of frontiers and reunion of nationalities?

Instead of one Alsace-Lorraine we now have a dozen. . . . Immediately after the conclusion of the war there was a great wave of humane feeling; men spoke earnestly of better understanding and conciliatory arrangements for the future. The dictators of the Peace Treaties were differently inspired, and we have the present disastrous results. "For they *spoke* not peace: but desired deceitful matters."

P. M. MATTHEEFF.

Sofia, Bulgaria.

God of the Now

They have gone, they have gone forever, nor tears for their going—
The old mythologies, old traditions of faith;
And through their shells there blows, unknown, not unknowing,
A homeless spirit from heaven, a weary wraith.

But out of that blowing dust that was once a power,
And up from that ruin spread upon living sod,
Free from the chain of centuries, in an hour
The bitterest man has found there is still a God.

The toil-worn woman has found that a spirit, blowing
Over the graves of gods, is not of their kind
(They have gone, they have gone forever, nor tears for their going):
He lives in humanity's ethos, humanity's mind.

The God of the now is the God that the now is needing,
Not sealed in a book, nor a law, not nailed on a tree;
Not a figure of death, but of life; not a deity bleeding;
Not resignation to fate but the will to be free!

He is there with the hoisted steel, with the rivet and hammer;
He hears through your ears, he sings on this tongue of mine;
He walks in the crowds, his voice is a city's clamor:
He lives in us all, for in each is something divine.

In the conflict of labor he struggles, our dream his ideal;
In feminist hope he is woman, his eyes in her eyes;
In love's consummation he leaps from our loins to make real
The love and the sex our divinity now glorifies. . . .

But a terrible truth is gleaned with the truth we are gleaning,
And terrible wrath must follow the path we take,
If out of our vision we fail in the ultimate meaning,
Clasp a wonderful fact—and let it break.

For if he is with us, and of us, and from us, a taking
Of life divine is the price of a law and of war:
Something of God has broken in capital breaking:
The life of a man is the life of a man—and more.

BENJAMIN MUSSER.

Hardy the Unhappy

When a man of honor writes and even prints a denial of a certain accusation brought against him, honorable men accept the disclaimer. For that reason we must acquit Thomas Hardy of entertaining as a philosophy of life the dismal theory called "Pessimism," and set his habitual melancholy down either to bad digestion, temperamental hypochondria, or a sympathy for his fellow-mortals nurtured to the verge of morbidity; one of these, or a mixture of all three.

Come to definitions for a moment. By "pessimism" we mean the view that the world and life are hopelessly mad, a view which is opposed by "optimism" asserting that the world and life are preponderatingly good, while between those extremes comes "meliorism" declaring that the world and life, though partly evil, tend to become better and increasingly better by human effort. In his "Apology" Thomas Hardy definitely classes himself with the meliorists, though, with the noble exception of "The Dynasts," his works hardly seem to justify the claim, for had he not "learnt that the world was a welter of futile doing?" Neither "welter" (which denies plan) nor "futile doing" (which denies purpose) squares with meliorism. Neither can we square with it such phrases as these scattered numerously through both prose and poetry: "The doubtful honor of a brief transit through a sorry world," or "Happiness was but the occasional episode in a general drama of pain." To perceive the inadequacy of a scheme of life constructed of sentiments like these it is not necessary to be a "Pangloss" (All-tongue), like the shallow philosopher in Voltaire's satirical *Candide,* asserting: "All is for the best in this best of possible worlds." It is necessary only to belong to the Common-sense school of philosophy, to recognize so much good in the world and in life as to make it worth our while to try to make the good better. In that sense let us all be meliorists with an up gradient towards optimism.

Hardy's defence was that an exploration of reality was the first step toward betterment. "If way to the Better there be, it exacts a full look at the Worst." So much we may concede. But it is possible to fix the gaze so intently on the worst as to be unable to perceive the good, the better, and the best, which also must be catalogued if we are to get a just and balanced view of our universe. The Priest and the Levite—figurative for Church and Law—may pass by wounded and robbed Humanity, but we must not ignore the gracious figure of the Good Samaritan pouring oil into the victim's wounds, mounting him on his own mule, and paying the hospital expenses out of his own pocket. If we do not hold that relics, tombs, graveyards, and hangman's gibbets indicate the end of all things, we must not dwell so long among them as to miss the brightness of the sunrise and the freshness of the wind from the sea. It is good to have a nature sympathetic towards grief, able to feel the blankness of the Unrealized, the pathos of the Irrevocable, and the injustice of penalizing the Irresponsible, but these regrets must not bulk so large as to hide behind them the "Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love" which, as William Blake perceived, "in man are ever new." In Hardy himself Blake's divine qualities predominated, for while the sins of men and women scarce seemed to stir his wrath their sufferings moved him to inexpressible compassion. I do not know what sentiments they will put over his buried heart, or his ashes in Westminster, but he wrote his own epitaph beforehand—all elegy and no pæan:

I never cared for Life; Life cared for me,
And hence I owed it some fidelity.
It now says, "Cease; at length thou hast learnt to grind
Sufficient toll for an unwilling mind,
And I dismiss thee—not without regard
That thou didst ask no ill-advised reward,
Nor sought in me much more than thou couldst find."

Hardy's views on life and destiny are generally compared with those of the Greek tragedians, especially Æschylus, but I cannot help wondering whether the traditional Christian Calvinism of his ancestry may not be partly responsible for his sombre habit of mind. According to that terrifying theology he and his and all of us constitute a ruined race born into a lost world, cursed by total depravity of nature, under the doom of an eternal hell of sin and misery unless we belong to the favored few chosen to be saved by the slaughter of a god. Against that ferocious pessimism Christian Optimism has struggled with imperfect success. The curse of Augustinianism is in our souls, and the shadow of John Calvin overhangs our sub-conscious mind. We try to be cheerful but succeed only in being chipper and jaunty, turning a blind eye to unpleasant realities, and pretending to believe we are "saved" while all the time knowing that the alleged historical facts of redemption fail to accomplish the salvation attributed to them. I recall a black time in the life of this country during which an optimistic Christian preacher wrote to me saying: "The one thing that is gloriously true is that we shall win." We did not win. National morals went from bad to worse, but my friend and his comrades from pulpit and platform kept up their claque of artificial cheerfulness. Hardy declined to acquiesce in the administration of ecclesiastical opium. He had some pensive verses on the unreality of the Christian doctrines of redemption. Take the two verses written on "A drizzling Easter morning";

And he is risen? Well, be it so . . .
And still the pensive lands complain,
And dead men wait as long ago,
As if, much doubting, they would know
What they were ransomed from, before
They pass again their sheltering door.

I stand amid them in the rain,
While blusters vex the yew and vane;
And on the road the weary wain
Plods forward, laden heavily;
And toilers with their aches are fain
For endless rest—though risen is he.

Turning to Greek Tragedy, we know that the hard facts of life were therein sublimated into an inscrutable Fate against which human beings contended in vain. Hardy does not imitate Calvinism in libelling human nature, but like Greek Tragedy he magnifies Fate and transforms the sun itself into a goblin. What is Fate but a name for the undiscerned or disregarded laws of the universe? When men and women are blinded by prejudice, pride, ignorance, fear, or hate, they break or defy those immutable laws, and thus precipitate their own destruction; while if they bring knowledge, patience, modesty, and love to bear upon the circumstances of their lot the kindly laws will work for them and not unseldom deliver them. Hardy's works show a preponderance of life's perplexities, cross-purposes, and what might be called sheer ill-luck. Let us grant that

there is a complaint one may reasonably bring against the cussedness of earthly things, as when a Scottish woman breaks out in her well-known song:

> Oh, fickle fortune; why this cruel sporting?
> Oh, why thus perplex us, poor sons of a day?

But the author of "Tess," "Jude," "The Mayor of Casterbridge" and many mournful poems dwells so persistently on life's frustrations to the exclusion of its satisfaction as to turn the Scottish singer's momentary apostrophe into a permanent philosophy not easily distinguishable from pessimism. It is true that happiness comes in full to none, or makes but a brief visit, but it is also true that men and women constitute their own Fate; that it is not so much external Circumstance as internal Character which decides the lot and determines the end of any particular life. In poem after poem Hardy's magic psychology shows that too. It is the fashioning of character that makes fate. Whether God forgives sin or not, it is certain Nature never does. We spin our own fates through the tangle of individual desire and social opportunity, not forgetting our inherited handicap. We get caught and crushed and Hardy is sorry for us and his grief seems unmixed with hope.

Now it is a right desire—that of bringing people to face Realty. The soul has its due, and should not be misled by social formulae nor lullabied by church bells. To disallow inquisition into the very heart of Reality is to produce intellectual stalemate. Therefore says Jerome: "If an offence comes out of the truth, better is it that the offence come, than that the truth be concealed." Moreover, if, as Matthew Arnold says, poetry means the "application of ideas to life," it must include in its survey life's defeat:

> Then we looked closlier at Time,
> And saw his ghostly arms revolving
> To sweep off woeful things with prime,
> Things sinister with things sublime
> Alike dissolving.

The small discontent I have with Hardy (as already indicated) is that he looked almost exclusively at things sinister and generally makes them victors over things sublime. He commented sadly on the discouragements he met as he attempted to apply his ideas to life; the cold-shouldering of critics, the difficulty of getting true judgments, the general dislike of originality, the smelling of heresy in new truth or even in a re-statement of truth that is as old as the hills.

One who is merely a preacher can sympathize with an aggrieved poet. For do not a similar set of discouragements meet the preacher who spurns the lesser goal? When he seeks to apply religious ideas to life; to economic injustice, political tyrannies, ecclesiastical sectarianism, and so forth, he encounters the hostility of deacons who have made their pile, and of wise preachers who are steering their prudent way to the best paid pulpits and the high seats in the synagogue. In great original ideas Conventionality will see only oddities to smile at and Orthodoxy will admit nothing but heresies to be stamped out. So the preacher can sit by the poet who states the case for both:

> I sometimes think as here I sit
> Of things I have done,
> Which seemed in doing not unfit
> To face the sun:
> Yet never a soul has paused a whit
> On such—not one.
>
> There was that eager strenuous press
> To sow good seed:
> There was that saving from distress
> In the nick of need;
> There were those words in the wilderness:
> Who cared to heed?

If we are to judge fairly of this great writer we must keep before us his own avowal,—namely, that he does not try to present a consistent philosophy of life, or even pretend to possess one. He has no wish to formulate a particular theory of the Universe; he wishes nothing more, in fact, than to write down a series of fugitive impressions which he never tried to coordinate; therefore his poems are to be read as just a succession of moods or temperamental emotions which are purely individual, not universal. He is thus to be regarded as an honest searcher who declines to make his home in what Dr. Johnson called "That middle state between hypocrisy and conviction." Truth, truth, though the heavens fall!

His disavowal of philosophical intent, however, while it exonerates Hardy from dogmatic pessimism, invites the greater regret for a habitual melancholy which led him to contemplate the crossed and crooked things in human experience with so fixed a gaze. The counterpart of Elizabeth Jane so often figures in his pages: "Continually it had happened that what she had desired had not been granted her, and that what had been granted her she had not desired." The constant reproduction of types of abortive and non-suited human effort has for a reader all the cumulative effect of a philosophy, and even while we dismiss the accusation we wonder at the habitual unhappiness indicated by this mystical inter-tangling of souls and this absorption in the criss-crossings of human affairs.

One of Hardy's friends has set going a story to the effect that when the author of "The Dynasts" was reminded of the hopeful lines with which that drama concluded, the dramatist replied: "Ah, but I would not write that now." "And why?" pressed the friend. The answer was brief put pregnant: "The Treaty of Versailles!" Now the Treaty of Versailles has so often been denounced from this platform that it is needless to re-slay the slain. But I feel that a master-mind like Hardy's should have regarded that war-begotten document as after all an insignificant item in the programme of the ages, an incident that would fade from the memory of the race as it advanced towards the perfecting of things by the leisurely but undeviating movement described by himself as "evolutionary meliorism." If he discerned no certain goal of human effort he seemed at any rate to perceive a direction or tendency towards some desirable re-modelling, different no doubt from the mechanical millennium which filled the eye of 18th and 19th century optimism. Instead of a millennium, however, our machines brought us Armageddon, as he himself sang:

> So, when old hopes that earth was bettering slowly
> Were dead and damned. . . .

He saw that as the Machine advanced Mind receded, and that the acquisition of new science was accompanied by an outbreak of old superstition, belief in Evolutionary Meliorism making way for faith in the Witch of Endor. His old weather-prophet who traded on the credulity of a rustic population "was sometimes astonished that men could profess so little and believe so much at his house when at church they professed so much and believed so little." He saw that while

scientific *knowledge* was a means of salvation, scientific *invention* might be our undoing by reversion to barbarism. The havoc of war left him standing at the sign-post "musing on Whither and How," and asking "Why go *any* road now?" He confessed to small hopes unless men's tendencies should change and they should turn from their unabashed cultivation of selfishness, their degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation, and other forerunners of a new Dark Age. He perceives the general growth of knowledge to be accompanied by a stunting of individual wisdom, and recalls the theory that the world advances by successive leaps to make which it often has to draw back for a more powerful spring. He forlornly hopes it may be so, but he dares not prophesy.

Hardy was not alone in these gloomy vaticinations. Here are words written by one of the most gifted and hopeful men I know, an artist and good European, describing what he feels "sure must be the real outcome of this most horrible of wars. Vice and greed must be left to consume themselves. They must exhaust themselves. . . . Before those horrors and corruptibilities one can only bow in silence and suffering, and say: 'It seems that it must be so to give space and love for the building of a new world.' Political leaders the whole world over are sinking into the terrible whirlpool of greed and vice; and *it is better so,* for there is no half-way or side-way to approach and establish the Kingdom of Love on earth. . . . To empty out the vice and corruptibility that stagnates humanity and continues to crush it into early graves will take time. The process is slow and painful; the energy and blood which are wasted fill one with shame and horror. One prays on the knees of one's soul that this may be the last war. . . ."

To return to Hardy. He is saved from despair by his perception of a "modicum of freewill" wherewith men may take advantage of the dark forces of Necessity. One could wish he had more persistently urged the power of will immanent in human nature—the power to cooperate with, instead of antagonizing, Necessity. Thus reflects Henchard the Mayor of Casterbridge: "It was an odd sequence that out of all this wronging of social law came that flower of Nature, Elizabeth. Part of his wish to wash his hands of life arose from his perceptions of its contrarious inconsistencies—of Nature's jaunty readiness to support bad social principles." That was how it shaped itself in the unformed mind of Henchard, but actually it leads to the conclusion that if we would frame our social laws in accordance with Nature—who cares nought for our conventional ideas of "bad"—she would cease to thwart us because we should be carrying out her designs. Man's salvation depends on the degree in which he can interpret and espouse Nature's purpose. It may then happen that he may recognize that which is higher than Nature, as Henchard again soliloquizes: "Who is such a reprobate as I? And yet it seems that even I am in Somebody's hands!" If we take a single step beyond Fatalism we find there is no middle of the road; our step is straight into Theism. Allow that there is something beyond Necessity and we find no logical halt till we come to God. Something like this moved through the agnostic brain and constrained it to indite some verses to the Unknown God:

For, in unwonted purlieus, far and nigh,
At whiles or short or long,
May be discerned a wrong
Dying as of self-slaughter; whereat I
Would raise my voice in song.

Another gleam of light pierced Hardy's gloom through poetry, which touches religion so that they modulate one another. Poetry and religion are the visible signs of mental and emotional life, but they must ever be moving, ever becoming something more and more. Religion must be maintained, he affirms, unless the world is to perish, but rationality too, else also the world must perish. What is this but Tennyson's "Mind and soul according well?" I should think it was by the emotional appeal of poetry and religion that Hardy expected happiness to come to mankind by some such psychological process as Elizabeth Jane went through; for she had acquired "the secret of making limited opportunities endurable; which she deemed to consist in the cunning enlargement by a species of microscopic treatment, even to the magnitude of positive pleasure, those minute forms of satisfaction that offer themselves to everybody not in positive pain."

My ultimate impression is that the unhappiness of Hardy arose from a compassion too deep for tears. Poetry and religion work by love, and love is the redeemer and saviour of human beings. It is this spirit of pity which constitutes Hardy's final exculpation from the charge of pessimism. He is equally sensitive to the beauty and the pain of the world. The first emotion makes him a poet and the second a humanist. Not the cynic but the lover was the essential Hardy. He nursed no private grudge against mankind, nor was moved to wrath by any personal wrong. He might truthfully say with Longfellow:

And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

His great heart embraced the dumb and suffering denizens of field and forest, especially those of them who had been taken as the serfs and drudges of man, and he made various appeals on their behalf. His sympathies knew nothing of class or rank or riches. Indeed it was among the suffering poor he found the subjects of his most gracious delineations, and even of those oddities at which we laugh with a tear in the other eye. It was for others only he was unhappy—for all human kind who pass from cradle to grave enduring the privations of a transitory existence with few of its ameliorations, and who are denied even the consolations of love by some contrary strain in themselves or others to whom they are linked. He concludes one of his latest volumes with verses which display the yearning heart of the man, as if his dying word to his fellow-mortals would be the single word "Charity."

A cry from the green-grained sticks of the fire
Made me gaze where it seemed to be:
'Twas my own voice talking therefrom to me
On how I had walked when my sun was higher—
My heart in its arrogancy.

"You held not to whatsoever was true,"
Said my own voice talking to me:
"Whatsoever was just you were slack to see:
Kept not things lovely and pure in view,"
Said my own voice talking to me.

"You slighted her that endureth all,"
Said my own voice talking to me;
"Vaunteth not, trusteth hopefully;
That suffereth long and is kind withal,"
Said my own voice talking to me.

"You taught not that which you set about,"
Said my own voice talking to me;
"That the greatest of things is Charity. . . ."
And the sticks burnt low, and the fire went out,
And my voice ceased talking to me.

London, England. WALTER WALSH.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyright, 1928)

PART IV—CHAPTERS XXXI AND XXXII

Fasting

Just about the time when I gave up milk and cereals and started on the experiment of a fruit diet, I commenced fasting as a means of self-restraint. In this Mr. Kallenbach also joined me. I had been used to fasting now and again, but for purely health reasons. That fasting was necessary for self-restraint I learnt from a friend. Having been born in a Vaishnav family and of a mother who was given to keeping all sorts of hard vows, I observed, while in India, the *Ekadashi** and other facts, but in doing so I had merely copied my mother and sought to please the parents. At that time I did not understand nor did I believe in the efficacy of fasting. But seeing that the friend I have mentioned was observing it with benefit and with the hope of supporting the *brahmacharya* vow, I followed his example and began keeping the *Ekadashi* fast. As a rule Hindus allow themselves milk and fruit on a day of fast, but that fast I had been keeping daily. So now I began complete fasting, allowing myself only water.

When I started on this experiment, the Hindu month of Shravan and the Islam month of Ramzan happened to coincide. The Gandhis used to observe not only the Vaishnav but also the Shaivite vows, and visited the Vaishnav as also the Shaivite temples. Some of the members of the family used to observe *paradosh*† in the whole of the month of Shravan. I also decided to do likewise.

These important experiments were undertaken while we were at the Tolstoy Farm, where Mr. Kallenbach and I were staying with a few Satyagrahi families, including youngsters and children. For these last we had a school. Among them were four or five Musalmans. I always helped and encouraged them in keeping all their religious observances. I took care to see that they offered their daily *namaz*. There were Christians and Parsi youngsters too, whom I considered it my duty to encourage to follow their respective religious observances. During this month therefore I persuaded the Musalman youngsters to observe the *ramzan* fast. I had of course decided to observe *pradosh*, but I now asked the Hindu, Parsi and Christian youngsters to join me. I explained to them that it was always a good thing to participate with others in any matter of self-denial. Many of the Farm inmates welcomed my proposal. The Hindu and the Parsi youngsters did not copy the Musalman ones in every detail; it was not necessary. The Musalman youngsters had to wait for their breakfast until sunset, whereas the others did not do so, and were thus able to prepare delicacies for the Musalman friends and serve them. Nor had the Hindu and other youngsters to keep the Musalmans company when they had their last meal before sunrise next morning, and of course all except the Musalmans allowed themselves water.

The result of these experiments was that all were convinced of the value of fasting and partial fasting, and a splendid *esprit de corps* grew up among them. We were all vegetarians on the Tolstoy Farm, thanks, I must gratefully confess, to the readiness of all to respect my feelings. The Musalman youngsters, I dare say, must have missed their meat during *ramzan*, but none of them ever let me know that they did so. They delighted in and relished the vegetarian diet, and the Hindu youngsters often prepared vegetarian delicacies for them, in keeping with the simplicity of the Farm.

I have purposely digressed in the midst of this chapter on fasting, as I could not have given these pleasant reminiscences anywhere else, and I have indirectly described a characteristic of mine, namely that I have always loved to have my coworkers with me in anything that has appealed to me as being good. They were quite new to fasting and partial fasting, but thanks to the *pradosh* and *ramzan* fasts, it was easy for me to interest them in fasting as a means of self-restraint.

Thus an atmosphere of self-restraint naturally sprang up on the Farm. All the Farm inmates now began to join us in keeping partial and complete fasts, which I am sure was all to the good. I cannot definitely say how far this self-denial touched their hearts and helped them in their strivings to conquer the flesh. For my part, however, I am convinced that I greatly benefited by it both physically and morally. But I know that it does not necessarily follow that fasting and similar other disciplines would have the same effect for all. Fasting can help to curb animal passion, only if it is undertaken with a view to self-restraint. Some of my friends have actually found their animal passion and palate stimulated as an after-effect of fasts. That is to say, fasting is futile unless it is accompanied by an incessant longing for self-restraint. It is a mistake to think that mere physical fasting can by itself effect self-restraint. The famous verse from the second chapter of the Bhagavad Gita is worth noting in this connection:

"For a man who is fasting his senses outwardly, the sense-objects disappear, leaving the yearning behind; but when he has seen the Highest, even the yearning disappears."

Fasting and similar discipline is therefore one of the means to the end of self-restraint, but it is not all, and if physical fasting is not accompanied by mental fasting, it is bound to end in hypocrisy and consequent disaster.

As Schoolmaster

The reader will, I hope, bear in mind the fact that I am, in these chapters, describing things not mentioned, or only cursorily mentioned, in the History of Satyagraha in South Africa. If he does so,

*The eleventh day of the bright and dark halves of a Hindu month.
†Fasting until evening.

he will easily be able to see the connection between the recent chapters.

As the Farm grew, it was found necessary to make some provision for the education of its boys and girls. There were, among these, Hindu, Musalman, Parsi and Christian boys and some Hindu girls. It was not possible, and I did not think it necessary, to engage special teachers for them. It was not possible, for qualified Indian teachers were scarce, and even when available, none would be ready to go to a place 21 miles distant from Durban on a small salary. Also we were certainly not overflowing with money. And I did not think it necessary to import teachers from outside the Farm. I did not believe in the existing system of education, and I had a mind to find out by experience and experiment the true system. Only this much I knew, that, under ideal conditions, true education could be imparted only by the parents, and that then there should be the minimum of outside help, that Tolstoy Farm was a family, in which I occupied the place of the father, and that I should so far as possible shoulder the responsibility for the training of the young.

The conception was no doubt not without its flaws. All the young people had not been with me since their childhood, they had been brought up under different conditions and environments, and they did not belong to the same religion. How could I do full justice to the young people, thus circumstanced, even if I assumed the place of paterfamilias?

But I had always given the first place to the culture of the heart or the building of character, and as I felt confident that moral training could be given to all alike, no matter how different their ages and their upbringing, I decided to live amongst them all the twenty-four hours of the day as their father. I regarded character building as the proper foundation for their education, and if the foundation was firmly laid, I was sure that the children could learn all the other things themselves or with the assistance of friends.

But as I fully appreciated the necessity of a literary training in addition, I started some classes with the help of Messrs. Kallenbach and Pragji Desai. Nor did I underrate the building up of the body. This they got in the course of their daily routine. For there were no servants on the Farm, and all the work from cooking down to the scavenging was done by the inmates. There were plenty of fruit trees to be looked after, and enough gardening to be done as well. Mr. Kallenbach was fond of gardening and had gained some experience of this work in one of the Governmental model gardens. It was obligatory on all, young and old, who were not engaged in the kitchen, to give some time to gardening. The children had the lion's share of this work, which included digging pits, felling timber and lifting loads. This gave them ample exercise. They took delight in this work, and so they did not generally need any other exercise or games. Of course some of them, and sometimes all of them, malingered and shirked. Sometimes I connived at their pranks, and often I was strict with them. I daresay they did not like the strictness but I do not recollect their having resisted it. Whenever I was strict, I would, by argument, convince them that it was not right to play with one's work. The conviction would however be short-lived, the next moment they would again leave their work and go to play. All the same we got along. Anyway they built up fine physiques. There was scarcely any illness on the Farm, though it must be said that good air and water and regular hours of food were not a little responsible for this.

In this connection I would also say a word about vocational training. It was my intention to teach every one of the youngsters some useful manual vocation. For this purpose Mr. Kallenbach went to a Trappist monastery and returned having learned shoemaking. From him I learned it, and taught the art to such as were ready to take it up. Mr. Kallenbach had some experience of carpentry, and there was another inmate who knew it, so we had a small class in carpentry. Cooking almost all the youngsters knew.

All this was new for them. They had never even dreamed that they would have to learn these things some day. For generally the only training that Indian children received in South Africa was in the three R's. On the Tolstoy Farm we had made it a rule that the youngsters should not be asked to do what the teachers did not do, and therefore when they were asked to do any work, there was always a teacher co-operating and actually working with them. Hence whatever the youngsters learned, they learned cheerfully.

Of character building and literary training later.

M. K. GANDHI,

Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.

My Father

How shall I approach my Father—
With incantations and with prayer,
With symbols of a cross and crown,
A crown of thorns—
A cross heavy of weight to bear
Along the stony road?
Shall I approach my Father
When the muezzin rings,
And turn my face toward Mecca,
As Allah, Allah, the pilgrim, sings
Above the black and holy stone of Caaba?

Such is not for me. . . .
My Father I must see
In the starry vault at night,
Where burns for me celestial light,
And from some far-flung distant sun,
I know that God, and light, and life, are one.
I see Him in every tiny flower that grows;
I hear Him in every wind that blows;
And in the face of every child
My Father speaks in accents mild,
My Father speaks in kindly deeds—
What need have I of man-made creeds,
When in every hour of every day,
Him I approach, sure of the way?

LIDA W. MACGOWAN.

The Study Table

Dr. Wendte's Remarkable Autobiography

IV.

There are a number of important features of Dr. Wendte's Autobiography which have not been mentioned in the preceding sections of this review, but which deserve attention.

Some of Dr. Wendte's chapters are of special interest. Perhaps none are more so, at least to Unitarians, than those (in Volume II) devoted to Poland and Hungary, in which we are given the thrillingly tragic stories of Unitarians in those two lands, where, in the sixteenth century, the Unitarian faith became strong and almost dominant, but where it suffered terrible persecution by the Roman Catholic and Orthodox Protestant churches, with the result that in Poland it was entirely crushed out. In Hungary, by a heroism that has seldom been equalled, it survived the early persecution and also others hardly less terrible which followed later, and has come down in considerable strength to the present time. All Unitarians ought to read these tragically fascinating chapters, that they may know what the religious faith and freedom which we enjoy have cost to millions of our brothers.

Dr. Wendte's chapters on life in Boston in the fifties, sixties and seventies; on the old and the new Newport, and on early California, are hardly surpassed in interest and charm by anything on these subjects from any pen.

His glowing chapters on Starr King can never be forgotten by any reader.

Dr. Wendte made twelve visits to Europe, and one to Egypt, Turkey and Palestine. Of the most important of these his book tells the story. And a most interesting story it is, partly because he is an exceptionally good story-teller, with a happy style, a light touch and much delightful humor, and also partly because, with his wide reading and his culture he knows what are the important things to be seen, and tells you about them brightly and briefly and never bores you.

If one wants to take a delightful journey to the Old World while sitting at his own fireside, I do not know how he can do it better than by making himself the travel-companion of Dr. Wendte in the travel-chapters of his book.

One of the most valuable features of Dr. Wendte's volumes is their great number of important illustrations. He gives us some two hundred pictures of eminent religious liberals These embrace not only all the more prominent Unitarian and other liberal leaders with whom he has personally worked, but also nearly all the most eminent men of all countries since the beginning of the Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century who have been conspicuous as pioneers of religious progress. It would not be easy to find anywhere else so comprehensive and interesting a picture gallery of the men who, during the past four centuries, have been the most heroic and efficient leaders in the world's great battle for religious freedom.

Dr. Wendte's volumes are large. Some may criticize them as too large. Doubtless, such a criticism would be just, if they gave us the story of only a single life, or if they were devoted to religion in its merely theological or ecclesiastical or sectarian aspects. But dealing as they do with hundreds of the most advanced and important religious thinkers of the modern world, and their thought, and with the widest-reaching and most significant religious movements of our time, it seems difficult to discover anything that could be omitted from their pages without real loss.

I do not hesitate to say that in my judgment these volumes of Dr. Wendte are the most important work on Unitarianism that has been written in this country since Channing, and the most important on Liberal Religion as a whole that we possess from any source. This is so because they give a more full, more many-sided, more complete and more living portrayal of the thought, ideals, activities and leaders of both Unitarianism as such and of Liberal Religion in its more comprehensive aspects, than is to be found in any other work.

I do not mean that Dr. Wendte's work takes the place of our two excellent histories of American Unitarianism written by Cooke and Wilbur. But it very richly supplements them. Carlyle says the best history is biography. Wendte everywhere gives us interesting and important biography. There has been hardly a Unitarian of prominence in our churches, ministerial or lay, in the past fifty years (even if since the beginning of the Unitarian movement) who is not brought into Dr. Wendte's great story. And something outstanding and significant is told about each; in a few graphic words we are shown the place each filled. Thus we have the whole Unitarian movement—its activities and its leaders—passing before our eyes as a great living panorama or pageant such as no other writer has given us.

In the same way we are given also a wonderfully comprehensive and illuminating panorama of the whole modern religious movement, together with its leaders in all lands.

Any person desiring to study American Unitarianism with any thoroughness should, of course, go to Cooke and Wilbur, because those historians give the connected story, and from the beginning. But he will make a great mistake if he does not go also to Wendte, for new facts, and especially for life, for color, for incident, for human interest, for acquaintance with persons. So, too, any one desiring to study Liberal Religion as a whole, as it is developing under many names and forms in our time, simply must go to Wendte's great work. "The Wider Fellowship." These volumes are by far the best and fullest portrayal of it that exists.

The truth is, Dr. Wendte has written a work which no one else could have written, and which cannot be supplanted. Of course, it can be, and will be, supplemented, but its worth can never be lost. This is because it is not only a valuable thesaurus; but (what is still more important), it is in a large sense a "document" work, a book of "origins," a rich mine of first hand data to which investigators must go or else suffer a serious loss; it is an original story, a rich record of personal observation, experience, and facts obtained at their sources. Therefore, every future historian of American Unitarianism must go to it. Even more true is it that any one essaying to write the history of Liberal Religion as a whole, must go to the luminous chapters of Dr. Wendte's Autobiography,

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

THE JOHN BROWN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION
announces the
Annual Pilgrimage
to John Brown's Grave,
Lake Placid, N. Y.,
on Wednesday, May 9th.
Memorial Address by
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

First pilgrimage to John Brown's grave, May 9, 1922. Formally organized July 1. 1924, at Philadelphia. Incorporated under the laws of Pennsylvania, August, 1927. Annual pilgrimage converging on Lake Placid, May 9.

President, Dr. J. Max Barber, 312 N. 41st St., Philadelphia. Corresponding Secretary, Mr. George C. Gordon, 643 Union Street, Springfield, Mass.

Address all checks and communications to either the President or Secretary. Membership in the Association, $1.00 a year and upwards.

History of The John Brown Memorial Association

Many persons have visited John Brown's grave at North Elba Farms since 1859 when he was buried, but the first official pilgrimage by colored people was made in May, 1922. The pilgrimage was proposed by Dr. J. Max Barber, the present President of The John Brown Memorial Association, was financed by the Philadelphia Branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and was made by Drs. T. Spotuas Burwell and J. Max Barber. The pilgrims were received with open arms at Lake Placid. Great multitudes welcomed them at the train, at the grave and at one of the local churches at night. They reverently laid a beautiful wreath on the grave of the old abolitionist hero. This was the beginning of The John Brown Memorial Association. Today The John Brown Memorial Association has branches in several large cities in the country and makes annual pilgrimages to John Brown's grave on May 9th, his birthday.

The objects of the Association, as stated below in the Constitution, are threefold: To promote a John Brown cult, to promote an annual pilgrimage to his grave, and to rear a monument to his name.

Surely John Brown is worthy of this honor! In these days, when people are erecting monuments to cats and dogs and sea gulls, we ought to feel ashamed that we have done nothing to perpetuate the memory of this great man. There are those who class John Brown as the greatest of all Americans. America owes it to herself to commemorate his deeds in marble or bronze. But since America has failed to honor her greatest martyr, we trust this monument will rouse her to that neglected duty. We, of all people, must not forget. Here was a true knight-errant of God. He died to make men free. His deeds rank with the deeds of the heroes of the Golden Age. The John Brown Memorial Association avows that posterity shall never say that the sons and daughters of the men and women that John Brown died to free did not appreciate his martyrdom.

We must build a monument to John Brown! It ought not to cost less than $25,000. That is the least we ought to consider. We want a thousand people to give ten dollars each, ten thousand people to give a dollar each and the remaining five thousand or more to come from smaller gifts, such as pennies from school children, nickels, dimes, quarters and half dollars from other well-wishers.

Why not become a member of the Association? Do you not want to do your bit? Every cent given is put to the monument fund. Monuments are the fingers of progress. They stand at the cross-roads of civilization to tell to the generations to follow just what those who went before believed in and reverenced. There are those who object to the raising of money for a monument. They talk a good deal about raising money for schools and education. They usually contribute only objections to anything. All great peoples have venerated in marble and

---

in which he has told us, with a knowledge possessed by nobody else, the story of the great Liberal Congresses held in this and other countries.

All this means that Dr. Wendte's volumes have permanent historical value; and not only for Unitarians but for all students of religion. They should go into all libraries. They are a part of the necessary outfit of any and every scholar or investigator who desires to make acquaintance with the most advanced and best accredited religious thought of the modern world.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

The End

"Accepting the Universe"

The sea's wild billows smite against the rock;
Mad spray leaps high.
Each adamantine ledge repels each shock . . .
So daily I.

On valiant heart Fate's blows tumultuous pound—
But wring no cry!
A steadfast Will to Good maintains firm ground . . .
That Will have I.

The springtime rain lures forth the violet
From clods long dry.
It smiles and finds the world with beauty set . . .
So hourly I.

Melodious choirs in woodland and on lea
Wing rapturous by.
They carol, "Earth has bliss for all who see!" . . .
That bliss have I.

Delight and terror—triumph and despair—
Come daily nigh.
Though some make moan, though others beat the air,
This song make I.

JAMES H. WEST

THE AMERICAN DISCOVERY OF RUSSIA—SUMMER OF 1928

The two greatest nations on the earth no longer know each other. Volumes have been written. But in the past ten years a mere handful of American social workers, writers and business men has seen revolutionary Russia at work. Still fewer Russians have visited this country, and the American who goes into Russia today is something more than a tourist.

Last summer two parties of American students and intellectual workers, men and women, were enabled to visit Russia through the instrumentality of the National Student Federation of America and the Open Road. They were received by the Society of Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries and the Sovtorgflot. The same organizations are again welcoming a few groups. Each will comprise eight members under the leadership of an informed American, and will be accompanied in Russia by a Russian interpreter.

Itineraries: 3, 4, 5 and 6 weeks.
Inclusive round trip prices: $770 to $1080
Sailings: June 23rd, June 30th and July 7th
Visas: Application through the Open Road

THE OPEN ROAD, INC.
2 WEST 46 ST., NEW YORK

bronze their worthy dead, not so much as an honor to the dead, but as an inspiration to the living.

The John Brown Memorial Association makes an annual pilgrimage each May to John Brown's grave. Most of the members and friends go by automobile. Full information as to the time of leaving, cost of trip, ways to go if you don't own an automobile, etc., can be had by addressing the Chairman of the Pilgrimage Committee, Mr. Thomas A. Teal, 4213 Wyalusing Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., or by inquiring from any officer of the Association. Accommodations are provided at Lake Placid for all who go. On May 9th memorial services are held at the grave and a concert at night in the Town Hall. The pilgrimage is a wonderfully enjoyable affair. The automobiles carry copiously filled lunch baskets and the cars are decorated with John Brown Memorial Pennants. They all stop to lunch together far up in New York State. Pictures are snapped, jokes are swapped and the whole atmosphere is permeated with jolly camaraderie. We pass directly into the heart of the Adirondack Mountains and one is thrilled at the wonderful scenery. Everybody is invited to come and go with us. Cars are provide for the convenience of those who do not own cars and at a minimum of expense.

Constitution of The John Brown Memorial Association

Article One (Objects)

This Association shall be known as The John Brown Memorial Association, and shall have as its objects (1) the promotion of an annual pilgrimage from all points and by all interested people to the grave of John Brown, Hero-Martyr and Abolitionist, at North Elba Farm, Lake Placid, New York, and (2) the establishment of a John Brown cult, and (3) the erection of a suitable monument at the grave of John Brown.

Article Two (Membership and Dues)

The membership shall be composed of all who sincerely give evidence of their desire to perpetuate the abolition-spirit in our world by championing the oppressed, and those burdened by reason of human prejudice. Membership fee shall be a minimum contribution of one dollar annually, but larger contributions are welcomed, for the causes named in the objects of the Association.

It's a "Case" of Necessity

Your Printing will be above criticism if done by

THE OAKLAND PRESS

3913 Cottage Grove

Tel. Atlantic 1876

Article Three (Annual Meetings)

Annual meetings shall be held on the evening of the 8th of May, the day preceding John Brown's birthday, at Lake Placid, New York, to which all members of the Association are invited, and, if unable to attend in person, they may send their vote by proxy to the Secretary, so that full expression of all members may be made concerning plans and projects advanced from time to time. The services of the memorial meeting shall be held on May 9th, afternoon and evening, at the grave of John Brown, and in the town of Lake Placid, respectively.

Article Four

(Officers and Committees)

The stated officers shall be President, Vice-President, with all Presidents of local Chapters of the Association as Honorary Vice-Presidents, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, and Treasurer. The Bank of Lake Placid, New York, shall be the depository of the funds of the Association, in recognition of the abiding interest of Lake Placid in perpetuating the memory of John Brown. Officers shall be elected annually.

Committees shall be appointed annually by the President, immediately after the annual meeting, so that they may function effectively during the year following and prepare for the celebration of the annual memorial services. There shall be a Committee on Program, a Committee on Pilgrimage, and a Committee on Monument, and the officers and heads of said committees shall form the Executive Committee of the Association. Each local Chapter of the Association that shall be formed shall have its organization based upon similar provisions, and shall be governed by this Constitution.

Article Five (Amendments)

This Constitution may be amended, by a majority vote, at any annual meeting, provided due notice shall be given to each member of the Association prior to said annual meeting, so that either proxy vote or personal attendance at annual meeting may be possible for every member.

IN APRIL

Comes Easter as the signal for introducing your clothes of a new season. Spring demands an appropriate wardrobe—and there is no greater economy to be practiced than the use of our service which so expertly cleanses and freshens each previously worn garment that you send us.

Schumann & Co

Cleaners Dyers

PHONE DREXEL 0331 ALL DEPARTMENTS

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS

3960 Cottage Grove Avenue

Phone Oakland 489 JANITORS' SUPPLIES

Everything in HARDWARE

AT

PORTER'S

4236 Cottage Grove Ave.

PRAYERS

By JENKIN LLOYD JONES

Published by The Beacon Press, Boston, Mass.

Price $1.50

"A choice collection of the lyrical and inspiring prayers that sprang with such spontaneity from the heart and soul of Jenkin Lloyd Jones."—C. W. R.

"Beautiful, simple, dignified, spiritual. I do not know when I have been so impressed."—H. S. N.

"Tender, wonderfully human and wonderfully comforting and uplifting."—J. T. S.

"When life runs deep below the surface, the abiding faith in love and justice and the tender enfolding Fatherhood voiced in these prayers will bring comfort and courage."—O. C. S.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE,
730 Oakwood Boulevard,
Chicago.

I enclose $.....for.....copies of Prayers by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY..... STATE.....